

# BLUE GRASS BLADE

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WE AIM TO CUT DOWN ERROR AND ESTABLISH TRUTH.

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## BLADE

### GETS IN ITS WORK

Lady Passenger Demands That a Blade Reader be Put Out of a San Francisco street car.

CONDUCTOR REFUSES TO  
OBEY THE REQUEST.

(By A. Johnson.)

Give fanaticism a chance and it will invariably expose its weakness. The incident related affords a splendid illustration of the influence wrought by the mind of ignorant believers in the Christian theory by legislation intended to bolster up and foster a rapidly failing creed.

In the first place the "angry woman" had committed a gross breach of social etiquette but we are assured that an eavesdropper will sometimes hear things said of a derogatory character concerning himself. Had this woman attended to her own business, strictly she would have been spared the humiliation, but she evidently thought it her business to protect an Almighty and infinite god against the criticisms of the finite. She is not the only one by any means, and she has plenty of company.

As our friend Johnson writes, there is but one way to get rid of these critics—*"Wipe them from off the face of the earth."* By this understanding Bro. Johnson to mean that religion, the Christian religion which puts into that woman's heart and mind the old spirit of the Spanish inquisition. We agree with him and the Blade is doing the very best it can to get at the "wiping process." It is the same spirit of religious intolerance that led to the burning of women as witches, the flogging of Quaker children, and the imprisonment of C. C. Moore. That same spirit would imprison and torture every freeholder in the land today and the assembly would follow that it was done that the glory of a dead few might be made the subject of public recognition. In these days it can do little more than demand exclusion from a public street car.

Someone in trouble or in it myself through your "filthy lying paper" which should be prohibited by law from being read.

With the best of intentions, I gave a copy of the Blade to the head mechanic of our firm. He was reading it going home on the car, and when the lady next to him was reading his shoulder the Christ article in late number, got her warm and she called for the car for reading the "Bible," saying paper etc., got crowded and a man said he had insulted the woman well dressed and looked about the average in intelligence he said, when he explained, and the woman helped him out by repeating language the man said, "he had the same right to read his paper as you that book She." No law should prevent men from reading papers that write so on Christ, Jim I'd given five dollars had I been on that car, am loaded on Christ, or his pa, the ghost. The men all laughed when they found out the cause of the trouble. Blade got a fine ad. Straws tell how the wind blows, Christianity is just the same now as it always was.

"There is only one way to do, wife it to the face of the earth; there will be peace until its done. Don't hurt their feelings," many infidels say yet they would prohibit from reading our literature. Darn their feelings put that Dam in red ink, so Bro. Moore once said, "you have got to down them or they will down you." Self preservation being a law of nature I prefer to protect myself by doing all I can to kill the worlds greatest criminals Christ and family.

We May Comment On It,  
Jas. E. Hughes,

Please fine enclosed a clipping from The Des Moines Register and Leader. Thinking that you might like to know what the Rev. Dr. Moller had to say to help me to repair to infidelity.

Probably these things are unworthy of notice. But if you think it worthy of a reply send me an extra copy and I will send it to the Register and Leader.

\* E. C. Vernecom.

## SACRED BOSH OF THE HOLY BIBLE SOCIALISTS ARE WARMING UP

Impossible to Poke Fun at God and Blade---The Headlines Call for a Good Josh---The Finite Cannot Ridicule the Infinite

When it Comes to Dying, the Average Christian is a Four Flusher and a Piker---Were His Faith but Strong, He Would Cut Loose from the Earth and be Glad of the Chance

(By James Armstrong.)

The Blade does me an injustice by referring to my pious excesses of bibles as both as a "fun-making project" never did anything more serious in my life, and I despise what has been made to appear as poking fun at god himself. In fact I could not jolly God if I wanted to, not because he would not stand for it, but simple because it is an impossibility. How in the world can be blithe ridicule the infinite, a grain of sand make sport of the Rocky mountains, a poor worm the dust job the almighty ben that brooded upon the deep and hatched not only the planetary system but the stars also!"

The very idea of making fun of god! I can't make fun of something you don't know anything about, and no one else knows anything about. You as well talk about making fun of the Devil, or of a sober jug. The only time I was talking to the people who worship God, those intellectual tramps who are always biting the back door of divinity for a mouthful of milk and honey, or begging the gatekeeper of the celestial circus passes to the show. It is easy enough to make fun of them people going into new Jerusalem just as they are.

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#### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

After months of delay, months of failure in an effort to get caught up with the Blade, we are pleased to announce to our readers that we are now in a better position to get the Blade out on time and give it more improved appearance. We are making arrangements to inject into it a new life, furnish more editorial writing and a general all round improvement. While we have considered, and do now, that the Blade is the equal of any Freethought paper published in America, not considering the price, and superior to some, we realize that there is much room for improvement and will now be able to make such improvements that may be necessary.

Our ambition is to make the Blade absolutely the best Freethought paper in America. We also desire to get it more widely read. To do this we are preparing to send out sample copies, as many as the new postal law will allow, and we ask that our friends and readers aid us in this effort. It is not to be expected that we know who to send them to. Our friends can aid us by sending us names of Freethought friends who would be likely to become a subscriber and we can then send out a number of sample copies in the hope of securing them. Don't wait until tomorrow to send these names in but it now before you forget it.

#### GOD OR GOLD

In the old days men quarreled, took up the sword and fought for religious opinion's sake. The crusades were but the aggregate of individual fanaticism. Modern churchmen fight not for principle, but for gold.

The Blade recently gave an account of the disruption of an Episcopal church in New York City. It was taken from the public press and no suspicion of a distorting of facts can be laid at our doors. The account gave a vivid description of rival factions taking up different collections and a free fight following for the possession of both.

From the published facts in the case it is made evident that some secret understanding existed between the members of each faction for one side of the controversy refused to chip in the baskets of the other faction and vice-versa. It was when both sets had fully collected all there was coming that the fight occurred and the active belligerents have now proceeded to haul each other before the civil tribunals that a religious dispute may be adjusted, if ever it can be.

Were such disgraceful scenes but enacted at a Freethought convention or gathering they would be made the happy theme for many a sermon and American pulpits would undertake to carry the news around the world. Comments would be made and the row pointed at as an evidence of the worldliness of Free thinkers. As it happens they actually occurred in a church. In a church of high standing. The combatants and disputants had knelt before the same shrine, lifted up their voices in prayer together at the throne of grace. They had been baptized at the same font and had eaten of the body and drank of the blood of Christ together at the same communion table. They had fervently declared themselves to be free from evil thoughts, at peace and in charity with their neighbors. But what a lie! There was no peace or charity. Religious hate rankled within their breasts. Their prayers were but mockery, a string of words without meaning. They were trying to deceive themselves and actually believed they were successfully deceiving the god they were worshipping. This is what Christianity had done for them. It is not possible that such cantankerous subjects of the King of Kings could dwell in peace and harmony even in their heavenly mansions. The fight started on earth would be continued there and the devil would get a big interest out of it.

What do these incidents suggest? What do they imply? There is no loving their neighbor as themselves. There is no doing unto others as they would be done by. There is no golden rule. They may pretend to love god but we now know that they positively love gold more. It is only a difference of one letter but with an aspirate attached it can cause lots of trouble. In the mouth of an Englishman it could be given a different meaning. Of course each faction will pray to the same god for help and ask him to confound and confuse their enemies, for so religion has made them. In fact each side will strive to play god on an engine of the foe. As in battle, the Lord is on the side of the biggest, strongest, bravest and best equipped army, so the Lord will be on the side of the strongest and most powerful faction. The latter will be supplied with the religious hairy-trunked hoodoo and they won't have to use the jawbone of a dragoon jack to drive the other faction to the wall. Only show your greater strength and the Lord is with you.

But what a scene. Imagine devout deacons swatting each other in the eye with a chunk of religious love and a clenched fist until the purple flows in streams and dyes the floor a crimson stain. Imagine the sweet sisters making an assault on each others millinery, grabbing each other by the back-hair and rubbing their noses in the sawdust. These are the glorious gifts of religion and a camp-meeting certificate of conversion. For years these same people have been dispensing saving grace with gallows ropes and with clubs drove heaven inspired precepts into the heads of unbelievers. Now they turn upon each other and the change of method is a welcome innovation.

#### CRITICISM OF THE BOME BOOK.

Through Mr. James B. Elliott, of Philadelphia, Secretary of the United Paine Memorial societies, we are informed that a literary lady of that city, one who has been a resident of Rome, has consented to write a criticism of Dr. Wilson's book, a trip to Rome, and the Blade is assured of the manuscript for publication, provided, Dr. Wilson will reply to the criticism. Without having communicated with Dr. Wilson on the subject, we feel safe in stating that he will assuredly reply to any criticism that, by its nature, would call for a reply, and we will be pleased to give publication to both the criticism and the reply. As the comments so far received concerning Dr. Wilson's work have been of such a flattering nature, our readers will be curious to know just what criticism can be made and they will watch for its coming. Don't hesitate, friend Elliott, send on the manuscript.

## SPOILED

### HIS OWN GAME

Avarice of a Moslem Priest Caused Him to Lose His Graff and Broke up The Biggest Monopoly The World Ever Knew

DEED TO HELL AND BUSINESS GAVE OUT

The oil trust or the steel trust, the sugar combine or a corner in wheat or beef may seem a huge affair to one outside of Wall Street, and even the Wall Street broker believes them to be the most powerful concerns in the world. As mighty as they are they are but slight things, of trifling importance, when compared with a monopoly which is controlled by a half civilized Arab.

The Arab is not a frequenter of Wall Street; it is doubtful if he has ever heard its name. Of stocks and bonds he knows nothing; the financial news of the daily papers he never reads; the stock market or of market effects he in no way, and a stock exchange he has never seen.

Only once or twice in all his life has he left his little native village, and then he wandered as a bumbler to the sacred city of Mecca. He lives in no sumptuous palace; to attend him are no clerks or servants other than a half naked cook, whose principal occupation is to bring his frequent sips of black coffee and fresh coals to light his long narghile.

His office is the obscure chamber where he sits by day and sleeps by night, yet he controls a monopoly of the greatest importance to millions of Moslem people, and in comparison with the name of Standard Oil is insignificant.

Abdullah is the name of this merchant, financier, and his home is in the little town of Samarra, on the Tigris River, two days north of the famous city of Bagdad. Here squatting upon a straw mat, which is spread upon the floor, with a reed pen, a bottle of ink, a dish of sand to serve as a blotter and an impulsive seal lying by his side, he transacts his own business. He is the president of the board of directors, the secretary, the treasurer, the clerk, the corserand office boy all in one.

A generation ago Abdullah was a struggling Moslem priest, and like many of his fellow, was endowed with a great deal of enthusiasm but little pluck. His religious duties brought him an exceedingly small income but an exceedingly employed in devising ways and means to increase his revenue. The fact that he became the world's greatest monopolist is evident by his ability.

Samarra though far from Mecca and the other sacred cities, is on the on the pilgrimage route from all northern Mesopotamia and Persia. To the vast companies of passing pilgrims, as they pass on their long journey for a day's rest, Abdullah announced that he had received a special revelation.

According to the revelation, no one however pious, however many times he had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, nor even though he had killed a Christian in battle, could be sure of entering Paradise unless he possessed a title to its sacred soil. The announcement was startling, but to the plain pilgrim it was true beyond a doubt a priest had said it.

The news of the revelation spread over the desert with a surprising rapidity and crowds flocked to Abdullah to learn how they might obtain some of the celestial real estate. To the inquiring bachelors he showed complicated maps and plans which none could understand, and then explained that if one would escape the flames of Hades it was well to pray, better to make the pilgrimage to Mecca, but the best and surest way of all was to purchase a title to a building lot in heaven. He alone had been commissioned by Allah to sell to all of the faithful who.

The Monopoly Starts.

Thus the monopoly started, and Abdullah was busy from morning till night writing the deeds. For all who came a parcel of Paradise was selected and defined, and its deeds was quickly prepared, sealed with an impressive seal and delivered for the consideration of a substantial fee.

Some desired a corner lot; others less endowed with worldly goods, were contented with a less conspicuous location; while those who were too poor to purchase so large a tract of land might obtain standing room for a smaller sum. Even the beggar could be sure of entering Paradise if he possessed the heavenly soil enough for the resting place of a foot.

Had the poorest of the pilgrims reflected, how they might be compelled to spend all eternity standing upon one leg, with no place to rest the other,

Abdullah's business could have increased, but the monopolist was safe; the Moslem pilgrims never think of thinking.

The price charged for a lot in Paradise varied exceedingly. No one could tell exactly how Abdullah regarded the value of his property. The secret of the revelation, but to an outside observer it seemed that the appearance of the customer, the amount of the money he displayed, his eagerness to purchase and other considerations known dry to Abdullah regulated the price.

For a corner lot, if the customer were wealthy, the price was never less than five Turkish liras (\$22), but it was the duty of a good Moslem never to bar from any way to Paradise for the want of a single lira or a few piasters, so others received deeds exactly defining the location of the land, dimensions and boundaries, in perfect accordance with the law. No one was too poor to purchase, no one, unless the price which he could pay was less than the cost of the paper the deed, went away in disappointment.

Given Deeds to Hades.

Abdullah's business rapidly increased, for all the pilgrims far and wide saw the deeds of their friends they tenanted to purchase a bit of Heaven before it should be sold. One day when there seemed to be a lull in the trade and Abdullah sat long in the real estate office a stranger entered and asked if he could purchase a deed of Hades.

The shrewd Abdullah with an eye to business, immediately replied in the affirmative and though wondering why any one should desire to own a part of the place of eternal fire asked how large a tract was desired. The stranger said that real estate there should be no limit, yet if a deal for all Hades could be given him he would willingly pay five liras—all the money he possessed for it.

Abdullah agreed to the proposition and hastily recording the transaction gave the stranger a paper duly signed and sealed and conveying to him the entire region known as Hades.

The stranger left the office of the heavily real estate magnate, and with the paper he had waited upon the slope of the hill upon which the village stands for a party of approaching pilgrims.

"Wither?" he asked after the customary salutations had been exchanged. "To the house of the priest Abdullah" was the reply.

"Why?" asked the possessor of Hades.

"To purchase a place in Paradise."

"Alah forbid!" ejaculated the stranger. "It is no longer necessary."

The pilgrim paused to gaze with contempt upon one who should venture to dispute the authority of the priest Abdullah, and giving vent to their feelings in words started up the hill.

"It is no longer necessary," repeated the stranger, holding out the deed of Hades so that the impressive seal was visible.

The seal, for it was surely that of the priest, caught their attention, and again they paused.

"What is that?" they asked.

The stranger briefly explained that but moment he had he had purchased all of Hades and that he should reserve it for himself alone. From that time forth every Moslem whether faithful or unfaithful, must go to Paradise, for Hades was his, and he would permit none to enter there.

(To be continued)

## SACRED BOSH

(Continued From Page One.)

fecely satisfied merely to look at the painted canvases in front of the side churches with memorial windows, and listen to the barker's proachers spelt about their three-headed god, feathered spirits and the wonderful dury and beehives from which rivers of milk and honey shall flow forever, and ever and then some!

When you thing that the Salvation Army is the only condition being that you clean it by taking a bath in the blood of the Lamb, you would seem that in the grand rush for reserved seats many Christians would be crushed in the sacred, crumble; and they doubtless would be if Christians were not so considerate of each other. It would be so unchristian to crowd a neighbor out of the gateway of death and beat him to the cholest harps and crowns; or the warmer untakes spot in the capacious bosom of father Abraham; and of course people who love even their enemies and are constantly given all they have to the poor could not be selfish if they tried. And so the Christian hangs onto life, turns down the season ticket to the endless show, not because he does not want to leave, but simply because he hates leaving his mate and child, etc.

The very thought leaving them behind in this festing, sinfull world of Easter bonnets and yellow-legged chicks gives the big hearted followers of the Meek and Lowly the blind staggers that cling to life, in spite of disease and all disasters until the good God breaks his back by piling on the years or lovingly calls him home by

buring him alive in a railroad wreck or blows him into Kingdom come with a Kansas cyclone!

In all the world there is no grander or nobler spectacle than that of the marvelous presidency with which the Christian refuses to let loose—to get off right and into Heaven. He is rightfully held and into Heaven he will not release me of trying to organize a fun-syndicate because I express amazement at the men and women who had rather wad around knee-deep in the tearful slush and mud of earthly sorrow and than to parade the golden streets of the New Jerusalem with the eternal joy of shouting hosanna's and vox Michael's before the throne of Grace. What a glorious thing, it seems to me, to be able to look upon millions of the most beautiful angels wearing nothing but crowns Where on earth is the beauty show that may be compared with the celestial chargrill? And in addition to all this there is the ineffable joy of watching an incomparable tribe of healthful, health-seeking and unshamed children wiggle and singe in hell.

On what a three-blessed thing if the faith of the christians in heaven were strong enough to make him get off the earth! How fortunate if the all-embracing sky could be turned into a big porous plaster just long enough to draw christianity out of civilization and its saintly devotees into the Kingdom of Grace!

## PEACE CONFERENCE

(Continued From Page One)

So do we.

You remember that we have been hearing of universal peace since 1887, 12 years ago. There have been conferences in Washington, Paris, Brussels, The Hague, St Louis, London, New York. World rulers have sent messages of co-operation. Carnegie has erected a gorgeous temple at The Hague, etc.

There has been a great deal of talk. In the meantime every Nation has Continued To Strengthen Its Army, Its Navy, Its Defenses.

Look at the figures and the facts. The war footing of the world nation is 25,000,000 men.

The yearly expenses for maintenance and improvements is nearly \$900,000,000.

Every nation is building great war vessels. We have seen the Russo-Japan war, which cost \$1,800,000,000 in money and nearly a half million lives. At this moment England and Germany anticipate war. Our statesmen insist that we may as well prepare to grapple with Japan or later, The Peace of Europe hangs by a thread.

The world is making gestures of peace with its left hand and building ships and armes as fast as it can with its right.

The peace promoters talk of arbitration and the rules of war. They say little of disarmament. Yet Disarmament Is The One Test Of Good Faith.

War means killing, killing, mangling, suffering and death. It means orphaned children and children parents. It means forsaken fireside and weeping mothers. It means nations bereft of the glory of their young manhood, a cruel and unnecessary sacrifice in the name of patriotism.

That is the consideration for The Hague conference. That is the point of view which will bring disarmament. That is the realization which will force arbitration and afford a basis for a reconsideration of national debts, of business interest or money, but the thought of The Sacrifice of Blood.

Paine's Idea Of A God.

The only idea man can affix to the name of god is that of a first cause, the cause of all things. Ans incomprehensible and difficult as it is for man to conceive what a first cause is, he arrives at the belief of it from the ten-fold greater difficulty of disbelieving it. It is difficult beyond description to conceive an end. It is difficult beyond the power of man to conceive an eternal duration of what we call time. In like manner of reasoning everything we behold carries in itself the internal evidence that it did not make itself. Every man is an evidence to himself, that he did not make himself neither could a tree, plant or animal make itself. It is the conviction arising from this evidence that causes us to act on it as we do, by necessity, to the belief of the First Cause, externally existing, of a nature totally different to any material existence we know of, and by the power of which, all things exist, and this First Cause, man calls God.

The show of the Autonomist is just one of the thousands of periodicals that are printed just as its editor is one of the millions of men that live. Why do I publish? Why do I live? You answer the second and I'll answer the first question.

The price of the Autonomist is 40 cents a copy, \$1.00 a year, but as it is devoted to the distribution of ideas rather than the collection of dime, send me your name, with or without, and I'll do the rest. Address James Armstrong, 3509 N. Clark St. Chicago.

put it and herewith send it to me, I will give it a place in the Blue Grass Blade.

M. Emma Hammer.

## POTERY COLUMN

LEARN TO LAUGH

But mail your colors to the most BALAAM'S ASS.

(By J. C. Brown)

And it came to pass, there was an ass, And as she was slow and would not go, Nathaniel had to go her.

With a big bamboo, he cried out "skidoo"

Or was it a black mallow?

In regard to this, it matters not. As he continued to whack her.

Now go long, says Nathaniel B. And be a good Ass, I pray you. If you don't I'll take this club, And the chances are I stay you.

But the ass stood still and ground her teeth,

As she answered in Ass vernacular, There's an Angel in the path with a flaming sword,

And it's impossible for me to pass her.

Thi strange, Thi strange; as I've oft remarked, in this world of flowers, trees and grasses,

That Angels never appear to you or me, But are only seen by ASSES.

## The Man Who Wins.

The man who wins is the man who works—

The man who toils while the next man shirks;

The man who stands in his deep ditches;

With his head held high in the deadly press—

Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who knows—

The value of pain and the worth of woes—

Who a lesson learns from the man who fails—

And a morai finds in his mournful ways—

Yes, he is the man who wins.

And the man who wins is the man who stays

In the unsought paths and the rocky ways,

And, perhaps, who lingers, now and then,

To help some failure to rise again,

Ah, he is the man who wins.

And the curse of the envios in his ears

But goes his way with his head held high

And passes the wrecks of the fallen—

For he is the man who wins,

From The Chaplain

San Francisco.

Dear Jim—

I send with this a years subscription to The Blue Grass Blade, a paper fine,

For dealing truth for a prescription.

For subscriptions things divine.

Thats all for the present. I'm getting into a holly state for easier.

The Chaplin.

## READ THE AUTONOMIST.

Armstrong's Autonomist is just one of the thousands of periodicals that are printed just as its editor is one of the millions of men that live. Why do I publish?

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send me your name, with or without, and I'll do the rest. Address James Armstrong, 3509 N. Clark St. Chicago.

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